

# Good Morning 387

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## To-morrow's Liner— What will she be?

IT is doubtful if she will be a "Queen Mary." With the keen competition of air-transport, the liner of the future will require alterations and adjustments. Something moderately small, perhaps, and without any excessive speed; that is how I visualise the most useful ocean hotel.

Shipowners are already planning for the post-war revival of liner-trade, even though they are also working to secure some share of the stratosphere business. They recognise that the air will never entirely oust salt water in human regard.

But they also see that for the speed-mad travellers, whether for business or pleasure, the aircraft will cater abundantly; whilst for the others—who want sea-air, the boisterous caress of big waves, the remoteness from a workaday world—those others who are not interested in splitting seconds in their time-schedules—the urgent rush of high speed is not required.

Practically all letter mails will be air-borne after the war, that is a sine qua non. Parcels? Some will be, but others, not marked "Urgent—Immediate," will be carried in ships.

That means that liner-owning companies will find their mail-subsidies curtailed if not entirely abolished. The passenger liners will consequently need to be self-supporting, if even modest dividends are to be earned.

The most costly quality in any ship is speed. The amount of fuel expended in achieving a little extra knotage is phenomenal.

The cost of engines and boilers necessary to achieve such a pace increases out of all proportion, once a 20-knot pace is increased. And extra bunker-space for fuel becomes an inevitable necessity. So does a much larger crew, especially in the engine-room.

They say that to get an added five knots speed out of the "Queen Mary," expended at least as much fuel as was required to achieve the initial 25 knots.

### SPEED IS WINDOW-DRESSING.

But why aim at such exaggerated speed, anyhow? The race for the coveted Atlantic Blue Riband was simply a form of window-dressing; pure advertisement for the shipping lines concerned.

There was not a single ocean greyhound afloat in the immediate pre-war years that wasn't more of a liability to her owners than an asset.

They could never have been built without a State subsidy, anyhow—and that subsidy was paid on condition that the big, fast ships were constructed so as to become, in case of war, armed merchant cruisers. But war brought the tragic loss of the "Rawalpindi," the "Jervis Bay," and dozens of other armed merchant cruisers, which showed that the A.M.C. was as obsolete under present war conditions as the "Victory."

Is the State likely to subsidise ships for which it can find no service in an emergency? It is doubtful.

Consequently, to-morrow's liner must be built and used on a commercial basis; she must return a small profit to her possessors.

That instantly means a stop to these ideas of fantastic speed, which, as has been said,

## Capt. Frank H. Shaw Looks to the Future

is not economical. Lessened speed naturally means smaller ships; for the space taken up by extra fuel and outsize engines would go to waste, as there is a limit to the travelling public.

I estimate that 20,000 tons will probably be the maximum size of the liner of to-morrow; quite possibly she will not be nearly so big; a mere 15,000 tons or so.

Let it be stressed once more; the profitable vessels of a company were not the greyhounds, but the "intermediate" boats; for when these were not required for express passenger and mail services, they functioned admirably as cruising liners. Pace will abdicate in favour of comfort.

### SWEET AND SLOW.

When a ship owns a high turn of speed there is always a disposition to use that extra knot. But before the time of the "Queen Mary," before even the "Mauretania" came into being, the Atlantic lines-owned ships of the "Ivernia" type, and the "Pannonia" mould; and ships were the most popular craft on the entire Atlantic Ferry.

They were slow by modern standards—sixteen knots was their average gait—but they were steady in the ugliest seaway, they were comfortable in the extreme, and they kept to a time-table as rigorously as an express train.

Furthermore, they gave their passengers something speed cannot give—the opportunity to relax, make human contacts, and forget the worries of every day.

That is what a sea-voyage should do, for any but the fevered few. There is something exhilarating and tonic in a moderately fast voyage; eight days to cross the Atlantic is plenty quick enough.

In a flier the entire four-to-five days is spent in unpacking, seasickness and re-packing; the mad rush through sea and air gives no time for quiet contemplation or a study of the pleasures of sea-travel; and personal contacts are limited to an exchange of casual greetings at meal-times.

But, proceeding at a more leisurely pace, firm and valuable friendships can be made; sports can be indulged in; a voyager settles down to the nerve-resting, orderly routine of the sea, than which nothing is more soothing.

I have known men embark aboard the "Ivernia" at Liverpool in a state of absolute nervous exhaustion, steeped in self-pity and weariness; and step ashore in New York like four-year-olds. The sea is a great healer of human woes!

The liner of the future should approximate to the standard set down here: It should be a sedate, weatherly ship, with space that would otherwise be devoted to engines and bunkers, dedicated to recreation; its free-

WHEN Jimmy Seed, former Spurs, Sheffield Wednesday and England inside-right, took over the managership of Charlton Athletic, many prepared for fireworks.

They were not disappointed, for in the space of two seasons he guided the club from the Third Division into the First Division—and in the course of a few years gave to the game some of the finest players of all time.

Sam Bartram, the acrobatic but safe-as-houses goalkeeper, is one of Charlton's most popular "Knights." An English international, red-headed (but extremely cool!), Bartram is the finest goalkeeper Charlton have ever called upon, and a great favourite with fans at The Valley.

Bartram's greatness is in his confidence. By his attitude he has given on more than one occasion extra-confidence to his team-mates, especially on an important match-day, and his boundless energy and fear-nothing attitude has many times saved the day for Charlton.

As a schoolboy, in Durham, Sam Bartram gained an international cap as a left-half.

When he left his lessons and entered junior football he developed into an outside-left. Reading and Aston Villa thought he showed enough promise to give him trials as a centre-forward, but he was not signed as a professional, and Bartram returned to Boldon Villa.

One day Jimmy Seed, looking for likely talent, spotted Bartram, thought him the goods, and offered him a trial—as a goalkeeper. What he didn't know was that Sam had only taken over the position a few weeks before when a team-mate was injured.

Those big hands of Bartram's, coupled with his extraordinary anticipation, and acrobatic brilliance, quickly made him a firm favourite with Charlton followers, and his promotion to the League team, and then the England team, was not unexpected.

Just in front of Sam Bartram

board should not be so great as to entail risk of catastrophe if indicated, because for twenty years after peace comes there will be a reconstruction hurry animating all civilisation.

Fifteen knots of speed will be necessary to comply with demands, since half the world's products will need to be transported to the other half of the world, and vice versa.

But once the initial rush is over—after, say, ten years—the fast cargo-liner can ease down into a steady ten or eleven knots; and the same engines will serve. Lacking the need for extra bunker-space, the cargo-ship of the day after to-morrow will have a greater capacity for cargo, and become even more an economical asset to the country owning her.

It may be that the desire to cater for human vanity will prompt builders and owners to resume the speed-race; for many a voyager delights to boast that he has just crossed the herring-pond in a record few days.

But the day of such vanity is drawing to its close, for if a sea-passenger makes such a boast, he will almost certainly be confronted by an air-traveller who has done in hours what the liner-man claims to have done in days.

The maintenance of spectacular fliers costs shipowners a great part of the profits picked up by the staid, more commonplace trade. And since a battered world will not permit of extravagant luxuries for many a year to come, the moderate liner will be the ship of the future, with the air carrying the express trade.

### 15-KNOT CARGO BOATS.

In so far as cargo-liners are concerned, the Victory ship evolved by wartime conditions will probably rule the roost;

John Allen talks of "Knights of Soccer"

# FLYING GOALKEEPER "Safe as Houses"



when Charlton won their way into the First Division was a quiet fellow who was one of the best backs in the game.

As skipper of Charlton, Jim Oakes, always smiling, thin on top, but very fast, made a host of friends for himself in many parts of the country.

Like Jimmy Seed, his manager, Oakes was a fellow who did great things without any sensationalism. I have seen him kick the ball off the goal-line, with his 'keeper beaten, yet few were aware who really saved the situation.

Speed in thinking, as well as in action, was the real reason for his great success—and the reliability of the Charlton defence.

"Jimmy was a great skipper," said a Charlton player who knew Jimmy Oakes well, "but his real greatness was the fact that he gave other men

confidence in their own ability. A few words from Skipper Oakes and the most nervous youngster would be cooled down and take the field without undue anxiety.

How Jimmy Oakes came to join Charlton is a most curious story. A few years ago Oakes was assisting Port Vale. When playing against Charlton Athletic in a Second Division match at The Valley, a heavy fog descended upon the ground, and the match was abandoned—to be re-played months later.

It was during this period that Charlton, who had been greatly impressed by Oakes' play, got into touch with the Port Vale club and signed Oakes.

When the match was re-played Oakes turned out for Charlton. In the true sense of the word, he thus played for both teams in the same match!

There is still an Oakes in the Charlton team—John, the centre-half, who is no relation—but the Jimmy Oakes, who laid the seed of the present great Charlton team, will never be forgotten. As a captain, tactician, and full-back, he was a Modern Knight of Football.

### BIG DON WELSH.

Of all Charlton's present players, Don Welsh, who can play in any position for his club, and England, is perhaps the best-known. Round-faced, sandy-haired, always smiling, and a big man in every way, Welsh now a C.S.M. in the Army Physical Training Corps, is one of the fittest men in football.

To receive a shoulder charge from Don is like walking into a brick wall, and many men with whom I have discussed Welsh are of the opinion that he is one of the hardest men to beat in first-class football.

The tenacity of this "Knight" might well be traced to the training he received when serving with the Royal Navy.

He was a centre half-back in the Service, and when Torquay signed him as a professional, kept in the pivotal berth.

Charlton paid a four-figure fee for him, and he has since played in almost every berth in the team. For England he has figured at centre-half, left-half, inside-left and centre-forward!

It is as left-half, however, that he enjoys playing best of all. He is then able to combine his great defensive powers with his natural skill as an attacker. For such a big man he has a remarkably nimble pair of feet, and although possessing a powerful shot, relies upon the placing of his kicks for goals.

### GEORGE, THE SCHEMER.

Schemer of the Charlton front-line, and a goalscorer himself, George Robinson, like Welsh, is a player who really does belong to football, for he is as well-known to crowds in the North as he is in London.

Always cheerful, and never afraid to share a shoulder charge with an opponent, George Robinson was a Charlton player before Jimmy Seed took over the managership of the club.

It so happened that just prior to Seed being appointed manager, Robinson, after a difference, had left Charlton to join Burton. He was put on the transfer list with a £1,000 fee on his head.

Soon after Jimmy Seed took office he began to receive offers from other League clubs for George Robinson. As he had never seen the man play, and the offers became so numerous, Jimmy thought the player must "have something" and decided to see for himself just how good he was.

One look was enough. George Robinson was the very forward Charlton needed to complete their attack, and Seed told him so during the interval. The result was that George returned to Charlton, became really great, and assisted his team in their rise to fame as Cup winners.

Under Jimmy Seed's policy of developing his own players, more, with the passing of years, will be added to Charlton's already growing list of "Knights" . . .

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

## J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Substance which, under the proper conditions, develops into organic life, is known as protoplasm. It is scientifically defined as hydrogen, carbon, oxygen and nitrogen in intricate combination, and though many attempts to produce it synthetically have been made in recent years, none has succeeded.

The number of persons forming a quorum, necessary before business can be transacted, varies considerably among different bodies. Forty make a quorum in the House of Commons.

There is a 45-year-old driver in the A.T.S., according to Margaret Goldsmith's book, "Women at War," who was a nun until 1940, when she had not been outside the convent for ten years. Cardinal Hinsley absolved her from her vows for the duration of the war, at the end of which she will return to the convent. She served as a W.A.A.C. in the last war.

Tabard, which gives name to many English taverns, was a cloak worn by medieval peasants, and it was also the garment worn by knights over their armour.



# Open Verdict By Richard Keverne PART 3

I KNOW that my voice sounded strained and unnatural as I took the oath. I fought down a feeling of panic that came a few moments later when I happened to glance about the room and saw everybody staring at me.

The Coroner was friendly at first. He began by saying how painful the experience must be for me, a near relative of the unfortunate Mr. Harborough, but he was sure that I should be as anxious as anybody present "to probe to the furthest depths," as he phrased it, the obscure circumstances in which he had met his death. He went on to say that as the last person to see my uncle alive my evidence would be of the utmost importance and that he invited me to tell the jury in my own words of my visit to Eastwinds on that Tuesday evening.

I told the same story that I had already given to Inspector Mace and he listened with few interruptions until the end. Then he began to cross-question me about times.

Though I had vowed that I would keep my temper, the discourteous way in which he put the first of those questions, made me angry.

"You say it was about a quarter past nine when you left Mr. Harborough; what do you mean by 'about'?"

"By 'about,'" I repeated. "Well—so far as I can say, within a few minutes of that time."

"Could it have been half past?"

"No. I don't think so. I have told you what happened after I left."

"Yes. Yes. But Mrs. Long, to whose evidence you doubtless listened, said that it was half past nine when she left and you were still at the table."

"Mrs. Long must have made a mistake," I said as politely as I could.

"It is possible for all of us to make mistakes," the Coroner said tartly. "Do you agree that possibly it might have been after half past nine. I assure you that I only labour the point because it is very necessary for the jury to know as accurately as possible when the deceased gentleman was last seen alive." He inclined his grey head to the jury.

"No, I do not, sir," I answered bluntly.

"Very well, we must leave the jury to weigh the conflicting evidence. Now, Mr. Harborough, I want you to consider your answer to this next question very carefully. After you left Eastwinds, at 'about a quarter past nine,'" he threw a sceptical note into the words—"did you ever see Mr. Alban Harborough alive again?"

"No, sir," I said with some heat.

"You are absolutely certain?"

He leaned forward a little, fixing me with his weak eyes, just the suspicion of a smile on his lips as though he were thoroughly enjoying baiting me in this way. The man was a sadist. There was no doubt that he was getting real satisfaction from inflicting cruelty. The man's half-smile made me furious.

"Are you suggesting that I came back—" I answered angrily though I knew I was blundering.

He cut me short.

"The suggestion comes from you, Mr. Harborough," he said in a silky voice. "I have only asked a perfectly simple question."

"The answer is that I am absolutely certain," I said.

## THAT COLD FEAR AGAIN

"Very well. That is all I wished the jury to know. However painful this may be for you, I am afraid I must ask you a few more questions. You say that Mr. Harborough invited you to come down, although he had not had any communication with you for twenty or more years?"

"Yes."

I was badly rattled and tried to answer as briefly as possible.

"Did he give you any explanation of this curious invitation?"

"None—except a whim. A desire to see me again."

"Did he confide in you any fears he had of anyone who might wish to do him an injury?"

"He did not."

"Your conversation was purely one of family affairs, you have said. Did finances of any kind enter into it?"

"No."

"And your uncle, so far as you could judge, was in his usual spirits—not worried about anything."

"I don't know what his usual spirits were," I said shortly. "I never remember talking to him before, though I may have done as a small child."

"Quite."

He asked me a few more questions, pointless so far as I could see, then dismissed me. The jury had no queries to put and I went back to my seat feeling utterly miserable and apprehensive for I knew that I had made a thoroughly bad show.

The court rustled in anticipation as the Coroner glanced through his notes and prepared to address the jury. People were talking eagerly in low voices and their frequent looks at me, glances that shifted as soon as I met their eyes, confirmed my sense of the unfavourable impression that I had made. I found myself glaring back defiantly.

For I was in a mood of cold despair. Though the Coroner had said nothing about my uncle's will I knew that when that knowledge became public everyone would believe that I had attacked him. I should have believed it myself.

Would Mace arrest me at once? I looked across to where he had been sitting and saw that he had left the room. That seemed ominous. I must get a lawyer, but who? Some fellow who was skilled in such cases. Perhaps the police would advise me, I had always read that they were very decent and fair to accused men. Then I began worrying about money. I only had a few hundred pounds in the world and that wouldn't go far in lawyer's fees. And detectives—for my only chance as I saw it was to produce an alibi, find someone who had seen me return to the garage in Palmerston Mews. A policeman, perhaps, or some casual passer-by. One might have to advertise for the witness. Such things were done in books.

## JANE



The Coroner cleared his throat and a hush fell upon the room.

"I will be very brief, gentlemen," he began. "You have heard the evidence and it is your duty to decide upon that, and that only, how Mr. Alban Harborough met his death. There are several verdicts open to you, and one I think you may discard at once, that of suicide. There has been no evidence forthcoming to support that in any way. You may consider the possibilities of natural causes, or of accident. In doing so you must give weight to the evidence of Doctor Corby. Doctor Corby has told you—"

He broke off to enquire peevishly what the disturbance was at the back of the court where I had just noticed a conversation was taking place. I looked and saw the Coroner's Officer talking to a woman. Her voice was raised and the words: "But I must, I must," sounded clearly.

"And what is it that you must, madam?" the Coroner said acidly. The officer intervened.

"This lady says she has some important evidence to give, sir," he said. "She says—"

"Perhaps the lady will come forward and say what she has to say in a regular manner and upon oath," the Coroner broke in. "If her evidence has bearing upon this enquiry we will hear it."

"I saw Mr. Harborough alive at two o'clock yesterday morning," she answered in a steady confident voice.

All heads were turned and my heart began to beat hard for in her I saw my first ray of hope.

She came forward, the least perturbed person in the room, a youngish, dark-haired woman with a rather hard, sophisticated face, more attractive than pretty, the face of a woman who knew the world.

"I'm sorry to break in like this, but I thought you ought to know," she said with an explanatory smile. "What do I do?"

"You take a solemn oath, madam."

She took the Bible, repeated the oath gravely enough, then without waiting for questions stated in the same unperturbed way:

"My name is Elizabeth Lockwood. I keep a hat shop called 'Beth's' in Oldford High Street, and I live in the Green Cottage on the Beach Path—most people here know me." She looked about the room with an engaging smile. The Coroner scowled.

"Madam, will you please confine yourself to relevant matters," he said.

"Isn't it relevant, Mr. Armitage, that you should know who I am?" she asked sweetly.

That was the first time I had heard the Coroner's name and I loved the girl for her answer and the look of discomfiture it brought to his face.

"That's as it may be," he said gruffly. "But we shall proceed more quickly if we proceed in a regular manner. What exactly have you to tell us. You say—"

"I have to say that I saw old

Mr. Harborough—Mr. Alban Harborough—walking along the Beach Path just after two o'clock yesterday morning. So whatever happened to him happened after that."

The Court rustled again. The jury started whispering to one another and I noticed that Mace had returned to the room.

"That statement is a most important one," the Coroner said portentously. "Where were you at the time, madam?"

"I was walking along the Beach Path, too. I met him."

"You were walking along the Beach Path at two in the morning?" the Coroner interjected with a note of incredulity.

"Oh, yes. I often do," she responded calmly. "At three or four sometimes when I can't sleep. And I couldn't sleep on Tuesday night. I'd been working late at my shop all the evening and I just couldn't get to sleep. The surf was so noisy. So I got up and went for a walk."

"Quite. Quite," the Coroner put in. "You are perfectly certain that it was Mr. Harborough, madam?"

"Perfectly. I passed him as close as I am to you—closer."

"Wasn't it rather dark?"

"No. There was a moon showing then."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No. I didn't know him—except by sight this is. I know his walk quite well, and I've often met him before when I've been along the path at night."

I sensed a mild sensation in court.

"Now as to the time," the Coroner continued. "You will appreciate that it is essential to be as accurate as possible about that. It was just after two o'clock, you say. May I ask you how you fixed the time?"

"Certainly." She inclined her head in acquiescence. "The church clock struck two when I started out. I saw by my own watch that it was twenty-five minutes to three when I went back to bed. I met him when I had been walking about ten minutes I suppose."

"Was he alone, madam?"

"Yes."

"He didn't seem perturbed, or hurried?"

"He didn't seem to me. But as I said, I paid no particular attention to him; I'd met him so often."

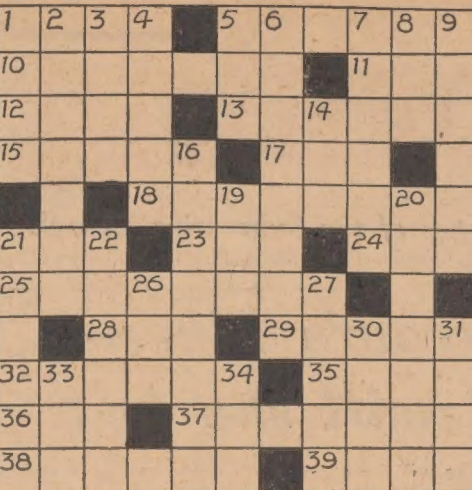
The Coroner put a few more questions to her, checking the time and place where she had seen him and the only query the jury made was as to the state of the sea.

It was rough, with a heavy surf, she told them and that finished the evidence. Then the Coroner gave a summing up of the evidence and the jury went out.

And then for me came as horrible a half-hour as I had ever known, for with their departure my new-found hope dwindled.

After all, this Elizabeth Lockwood's evidence had done little to shift suspicion from me. As the police would see it I should still have had plenty of time to have murdered my uncle. That

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- Burden.
- Chooses.
- Condense.
- Clerical title.
- Line of type.
- Car shelter.
- Shy.
- Steeping tank.
- Flat.
- Pull hard.
- Study.
- Milt.
- Turned colour.
- Sweep.
- Boy's name.
- Harness.
- Hair.
- Salad plant.
- Falls.
- Designated.
- Search.

### CLUES DOWN.

- Go on.
- Slanting.
- Plant.
- Figure.
- Urge.
- Tempered.
- Hole.
- Sheep.
- Lissom.
- Male animal.
- Adorn.
- By this time.
- Candidate.
- Poet.
- Lustrous.
- Sound of wavelets.
- Moistens.
- Valley.
- Bureau.
- 33 The reverse of.
- 34 Bend forward.

### ARM FOILED

NOISE MOVES  
TONE BOAST  
AMID TUN PA  
G VAGUE COT  
OMEN L MATE  
NOR VIPER M  
IT PAP LACE  
SIAL ROWAN  
MOUSE UNAPT  
NETTLE YES

damned alibi still hammered in my brain. I'd got to produce it somehow; got to find someone who had seen me in London at two—no three would do, four o'clock even. Any time before four would clear me absolutely. But I was in bed at four, at two probably.

A door opened. Eight self-conscious men, looking unnaturally grave, went back to their seats. A reporter whom I had not noticed before opened his notebook and looked in bored fashion at the jury. The Coroner settled himself in his chair and hunched his heavy ulster about his neck. Inspector Mace at the back of the room seemed deliberately to avoid my eyes that would go to him.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict, gentlemen?" the Coroner asked.

The foreman rose.

"We have and we haven't, sir," he said. "We've talked a lot about what Doctor Corby said, but we aren't satisfied that he was certain that the poor gentleman couldn't have died naturally—had a fall or something."

"Well. Well," the Coroner said impatiently.

"Maybe he did, maybe he didn't," the man went on stolidly. "But we can't decide. What we have decided and agreed upon, sir, is that the poor gentleman met his death by drowning. How, we don't know. And that's our verdict, sir. Found Drowned."

"You give an open verdict then, 'Found Drowned,'" the Coroner snapped.

"We do, sir."

"I must accept it, but I cannot say that I agree with it."

A sort of sigh of relief went through the room. As for me I felt dazed. At the moment it seemed the end of all my troubles.

I did not know then that these eight good men and true of Oldford had been arguing for half an hour as to how they could avert the stigma of murder being put upon their town just before the holiday

season opened. The foreman himself told me some months later: "We didn't want that, sir, it would have been bad for trade."

I imagined myself free of all worry until the Coroner went on:

"But your verdict at least does not preclude further investigation of the circumstances in which Mr. Alban Harborough met his death, investigation which I do not doubt will be carried on rigorously."

Then the cold fear came back again. This verdict had not cleared me.

(To be continued.)

## QUIZ for today

- A fennec is a keyhole saw, German beer cellar, Dutch boat, African fox, sail of a windmill?
- Who wrote (a) First Person Singular, (b) Present Indicative?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Minim, Reviver, Gag, Sees, Rubber, Level, Toot, Civic.
- Where and when did the first parachute descent from an aeroplane take place?
- "My darling Clementine's" father was a "Fortyniner." What is that?
- In what sport is a pater-noster used?
- Which of the following are miss-spelt? Silhouette, Super-sede, Soliliquy, Sassafra, Saponaceous, Spondee.
- When was the first successful typewriter invented?
- Which would be the bigger volume, a quarto or a folio?
- What is wampum?
- Why were policemen once called "Peelers"?
- Give five words ending in "end."

## Answers to Quiz in No. 386

- Bird.
- (a) Hugh Walpole, (b) John Galsworthy.
- Vancouver is in Canada; others in U.S.A.
- It was at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, that the Wright Brothers made their first flight.
- Yes.
- India.
- Apparelled, Admissible.
- About 360,000.
- Perth.
- Archery.
- Dapple.
- Austria, Bolivia, China, Denmark, England.

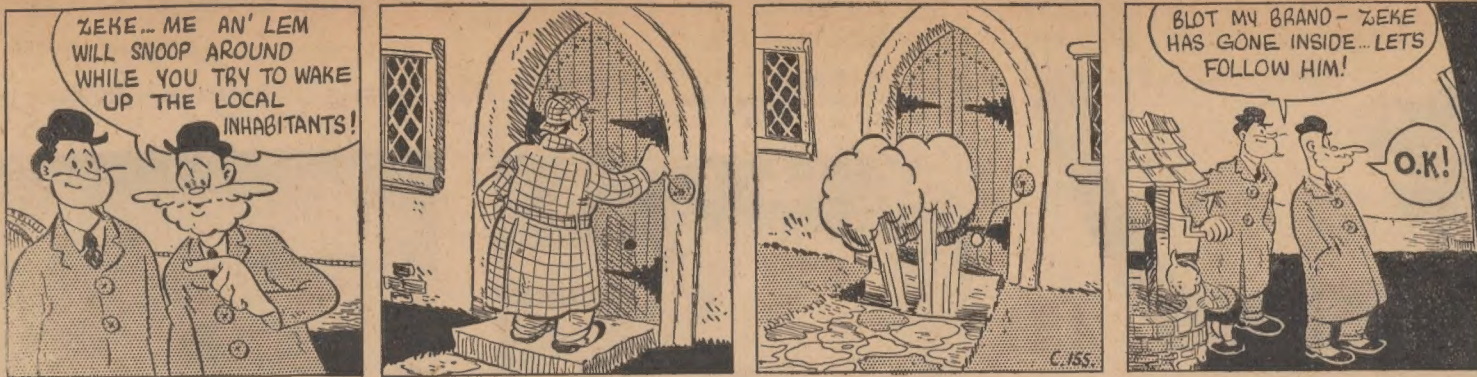
He was divorced through flat feet. Yes, they found his feet in the wrong flat.

She was only a farmer's daughter, but she let the pharmacy.

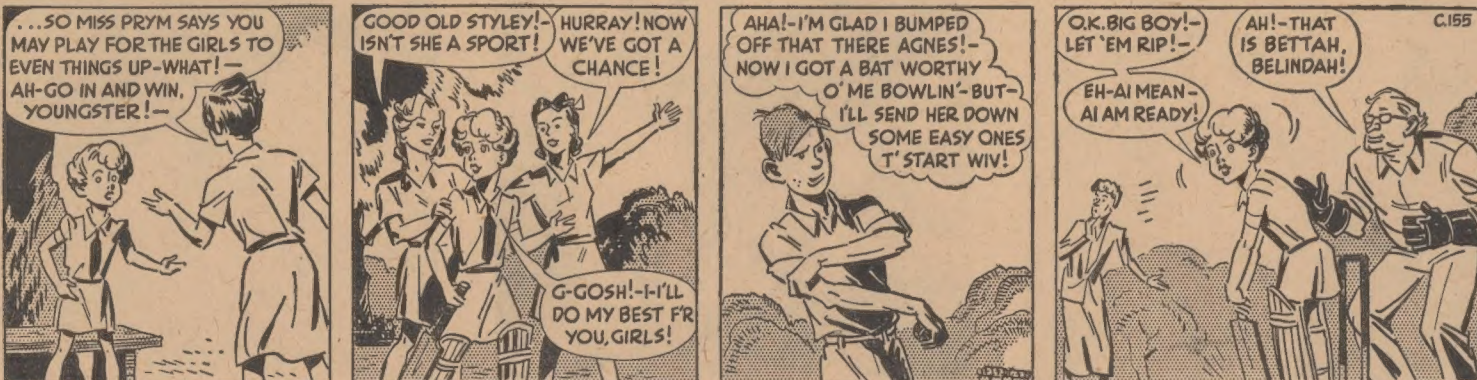




## BEELZEBUB JONES



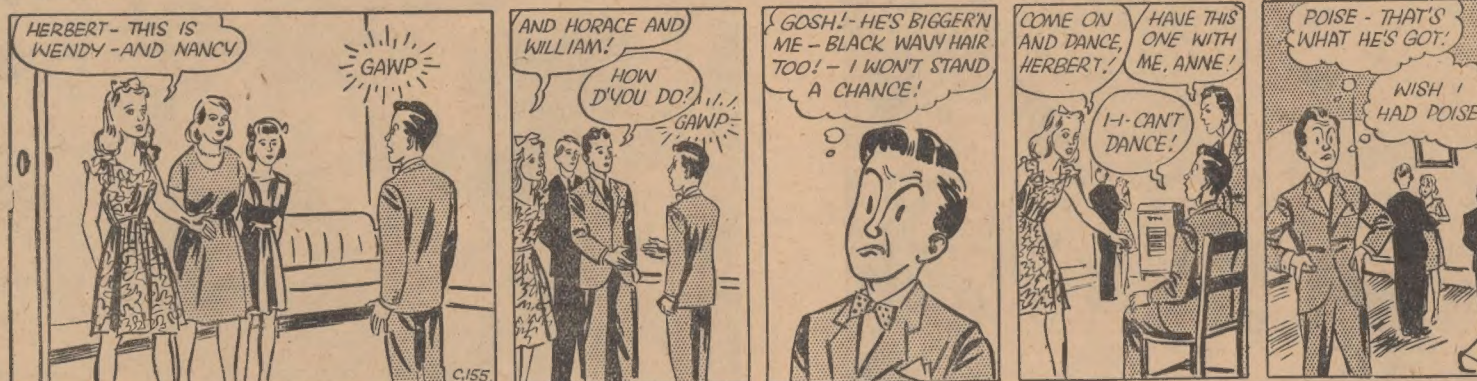
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## THE FUTURE.

I SUGGEST two developments of the (League of Nations) Covenant of 1919. One is that the world association must have at its disposal definite and sufficient forces to prevent all breaches of the peace—in a phrase, to put teeth into the Covenant. The other is to extend liberty and increase welfare by regional agreements in the form best suited to the various parts of the world. In short, the lesson to be drawn from the failure of the past decades is not to abandon our ideals, but to profit by our mistakes, and to be bolder still. I believe that the peoples of the world are ready for changes as radical and far-reaching as those that have taken place in the material world of science.

Sir Walter Layton.

## PLENTY OF WORK.

WE want five million houses. We are pledged to supply country dwellers with water supplies and gas or electricity. Thousands of acres of land need draining. To-day, one in twenty-six of the people owns a motor-car, as compared with one in five in America. The knowledge gained in the war will lead to the manufacture of much cheaper cars, and we shall quickly double the number of car owners. This will necessitate far-reaching schemes of road development. And so one might go on. . . . The question is whether sufficient people can be found to produce the capital goods for which there will be an active demand for years to come, not whether there will be enough work for them.

B. Seeborn Rowntree.

## MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

NEVER in the history of this country has the man-in-the-street taken such a vital interest in serious music as now. There is not the slightest doubt that this live public interest has come to stay, because it is not merely a "boom," or of mushroom growth. It is the logical outcome of a steady progressive policy pursued by certain managements and music organisations during the past fifty years, of the wireless, and of the more enlightened methods adopted in our schools. . . . Music can no longer be regarded as the toy of the favoured few, but as the healthy recreation of the people.

Sir Henry Wood.

## THE WORLD'S WOMEN.

WOMEN can take a big part in winning the peace. We women must maintain the spirit which is winning the war. We have borne the brunt of war with the men, and if we can do that, we can win the peace with them. We, and all the world, have been shown more clearly than ever before that the women of this country, of China, of America, of all countries, represent a power which, if properly used, can achieve anything.

Lady Beveridge.

## DOMESTIC WORK.

IN the twenty years between the wars domestic labour was not trained, organised or respected. The lot of the housemaids, cooks, kitchenmaids and parlourmaids had changed little since the days of Queen Victoria. To rise early, work late, get one afternoon off a fortnight, stay at home in the evenings, and do without privacy, was presumed to be all part of the job. In what other sphere were such conditions accepted? Is it surprising that boys and girls refused (and still refuse) to take up domestic work as a career?

Judith Listowel.

## PRE-WAR DAYS.

THERE have been ages crueller, wicked, more brutal, but never so silly an age as the one before the war. Eight out of nine of us did no serious reading of any kind after we left school at fourteen; only ten per cent. had contact with any religious organisation, and by most of us the questions with which religion has historically concerned itself were ignored. It was not that they were not answered: they were not asked. Very few young people, less than two per cent. of those under 23, were members of a political party. . . . Something, it is clear, is radically wrong with our educational system if we are to judge by results, of which one is the bringing up and sending into the world of a generation of young people who, taking them by and large, are without the desire to read or the habit of reading.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

## ITALY.

THERE is a tendency both in this country and in the United States to imagine that there will be no such thing as an Italian problem, and adopt a theory that Italy in future will be little more than a geographical expression. Even if that were true (which it is not), Italy, by her position astride the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, will always be a geographical expression of immense importance. Yet it is unwise to suppose that a country of forty-five million people, possessing so vast a tradition of culture, intelligence and ingenuity, can ever constitute a negligible factor in European stability.

Harold Nicolson.



# Good Morning



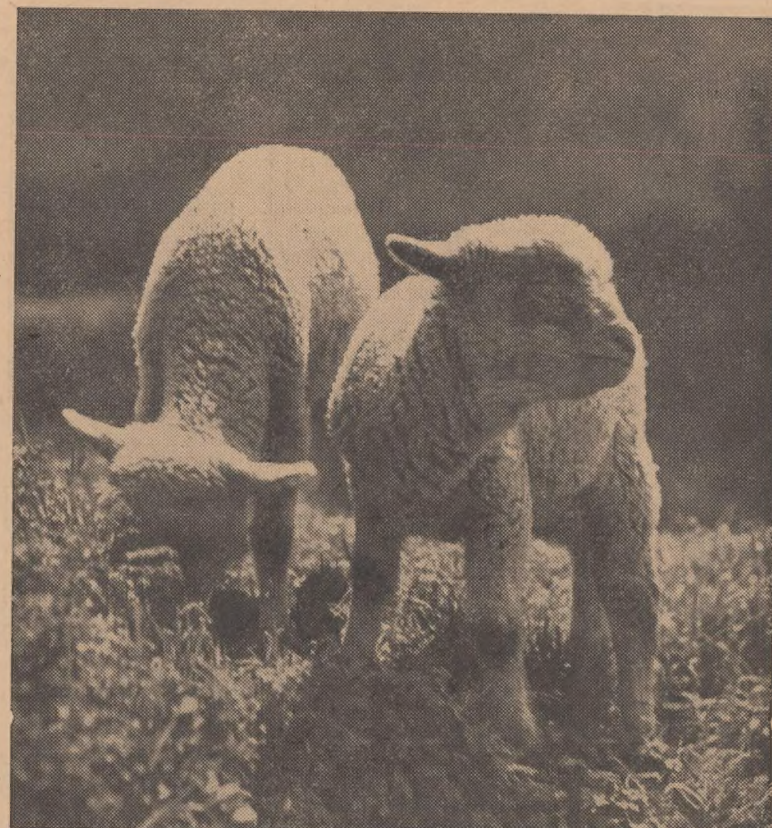
"All blinkin' day and not a single bite. Some hopes of winning the competition, I don't think."

"I'd like to oblige you, son, but even a porpoise must retain its poise, you know."



★ "My, what a marvellous sunset. So glad we remembered to bring the jolly old camera. What!"

★



"Oh, if only you were a real dog, I'm sure we'd win every prize at Crufts."

"Don't like to scare you kid, but I'm sure I can smell green peas somewhere around."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Why didn't I stay somebody's baby?"



They may go abroad in the near future and they may not, but there's no reason why they cannot go to Kew Gardens and admire the lovely Japanese Cherry Tree, there. Lovely tree, not lovely Japanese, mark you.